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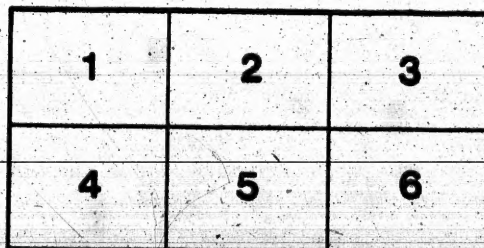
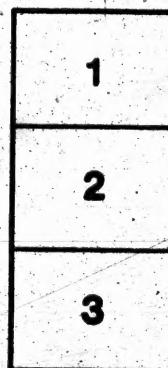
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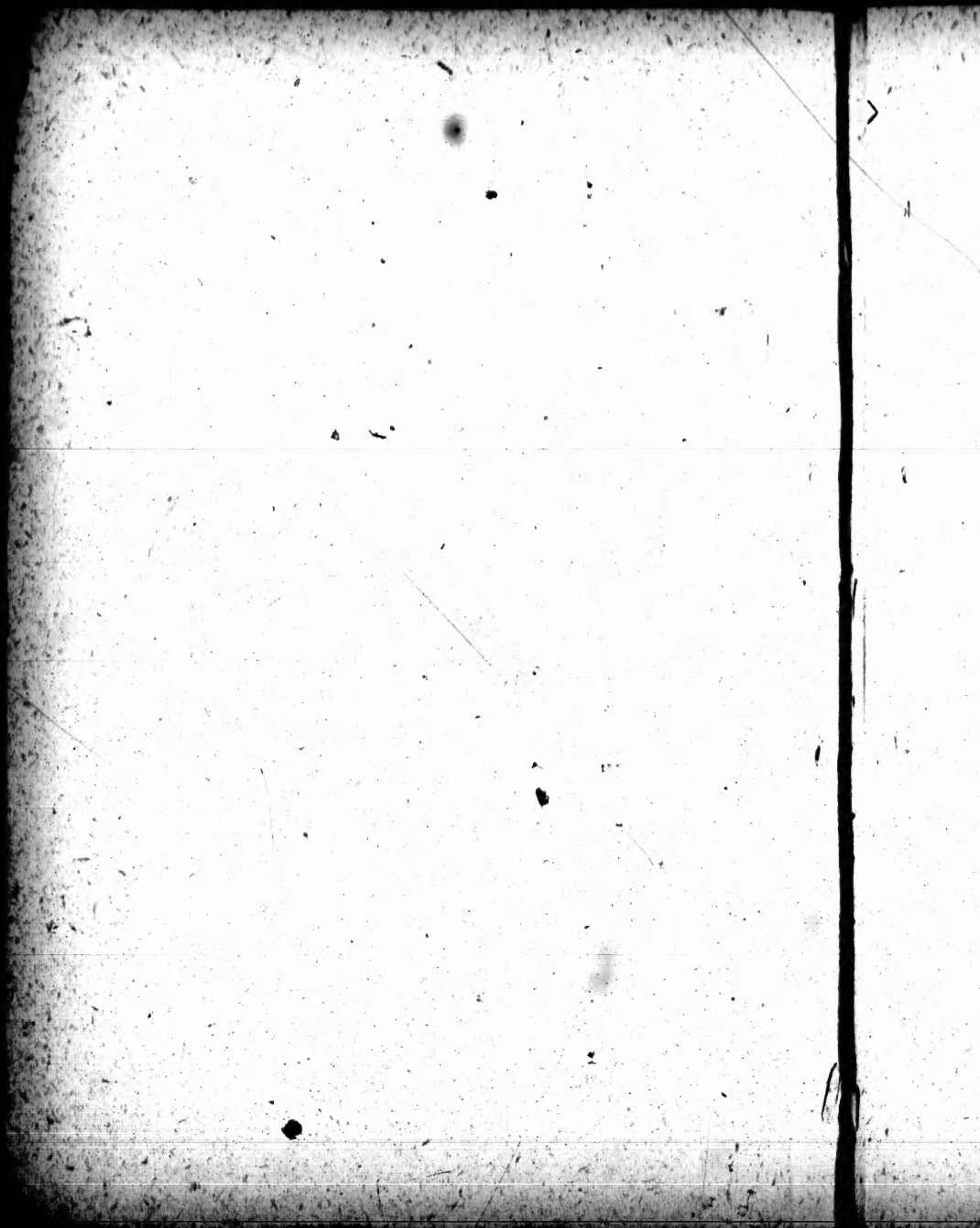
MARLE LEAF

2



PRINTED BY J. H. BROWN, 100, QUEEN STREET, WEST, TORONTO.





THE
CANADIAN MAPLE LEAF
SONG BOOK.

TORONTO :
A. S. IRVING, PUBLISHER,
35 KING STREET WEST.

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Canadian Maple Leaf Song Book.

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The Maple Leaf for Ever.

WORDS BY ALEX. MUIR.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
 And planted firm old England's flag
 On Canada's fair domain !
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And joined in love together,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwined,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwined,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's lane,
 Our brave Fathers, side by side,
 For freedom homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood, and nobly died ;
 And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never !
 Our watchword ever more shall be
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

The Maple Leaf, &c.

May our Dominion still extend
 From Cape Race to Woobka Sound ;
 May peace forever be our lot,
 And plenty in store abound ;
 And may those ties of love be ours
 Which discord cannot sever,

And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The Maple Leaf for ever.

The Maple Leaf, &c.

On merry England's far famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

The Maple Leaf, &c.

"Fair Rosalie."

WORDS BY W. W. W.

THE woodland birds are singing
Their love songs to the morn,
The golden sun is shining
On fields of waving corn;
And zephyrs live, are coming,
From off yon mighty sea;
Yet still my heart is pining,
For thee fair Rosalie.
Yet still my heart is pining,
For thee fair Rosalie.

The fairy spell that bound us
In childhood's sunny years,
Still clings to memory fondly,
In silence and in tears;

The daylight and the starlight,
 The birds upon the tree,—
 All, all that's fair and beautiful,
 Recall bright thoughts of thee;
 Yes all that's fair and beautiful
 Recall bright thoughts of thee.

The young folks now are waiting
 Down on the village green,
 With garlands fair and lovely,
 To crown their May-day Queen;
 Yet well do I remember,
 One year ago to-day,
 They chose you as the fairest,
 And crown'd you Queen of May;
 They chose you as the fairest,
 And crown'd you Queen of May.

Now by the weeping willow,
 Where lovely roses bloom,
 The ivy vine is creeping
 Around your lonely tomb;
 And daisies now are peeping
 From out their grassy bed:
 While angels, love, and keeping
 Watch o'er the silent dead,
 While angels, love, are keeping
 Watch o'er the silent dead.

Come, Birdie, Come.

WORDS BY C. A. WHITE.

BEAUTIFUL bird of Spring has come
 Seeking a place to build his home,
 Warbling his song so light and free,
 Beautiful bird come live with me ;
 Come live with me, you shall be free,
 If you will come and live with me.
 Come live with me, you shall be free,
 Beautiful bird, come live with me ;
 I'm all alone, come live with me,
 Come live with me, you shall be free.

CHORUS.

Come, birdie, come live with me,
 We will be happy, light, and free ;
 You shall be all the world to me,
 Come, birdie, come live with me.

Ye little birds that sit and sing,
 Many a thought of loved ones bring,
 Hov'ring around your tiny nest,
 Calling your loved ones home to rest ;
 Oh ! happy bird, no thought of care,
 No aching heart, no grief to bear,
 Over the land, over the sea,
 Come change your home and live with me,
 Come change your home, no more to roam,
 Come change your home and live with me.
 Come, birdie, come, &c.

Birdie, what makes you fly away,
 When I come near you, tell me, pray,

I'll not deceive you, you are free,
 If you should come and live with me.
 Now birdie fly fast to the sky,
 To your sweet home for night is nigh,
 And when the sun shines o'er the lea,
 Bring thy sweet mate and live with me;
 Then we will sing, daylight to bring,
 Then we will sing, daylight to bring.
 Come, birdie, come, &c.

It's Naughty, but it's Nice.

O love at first sight you have heard,
 Well I'm a luckless cove,
 And love a lass, upon my word,
 I met at Dudley's Grove;
 At the charming game of croquet,
 I have been her partner twice,
 I love her, ain't it naughty?
 Well, it's naughty but it's nice.

CHORUS.

You cannot call it wicked,
 For it's not a glaring vice,
 You can only say it's naughty,
 Well, it's naughty but it's nice.

Last night I called at Dudley Grove,
 And asked if she would go
 A walk, and we would talk of love;
 At first she answered, "No."

Then consented, and we walked and talked,
I thought it Paradise.

But she said 'twas wrong ; I answered,
Well, it's naughty, but it's nice.

You cannot say it's wicked, &c.

I put my arm around her waist,
Her form I gently pressed,
And then she laid her lovely face,
Upon my manly chest.

I kissed her two times on the cheek,
I would have kissed her thrice ;

But I whispered, ain't it naughty ?

She said, yes, but it's so nice.

You cannot say it's wicked, &c.

To-day she asked if she might wed ;

Her Ma exclaimed, my dear,

You must not think of marrying Fred

For many and many a year ;

It's wicked, Miss, your Pa and Ma

And home to sacrifice,

To get married : well, I know, said she,

It's naughty, but it's nice.

You cannot say it's wicked, &c.

Her parents have consented, and

In two days she will be

My wife ! So now you know my tale,

I hope you will give to me,

The same applause that from you all

So often I entice :

Its naughty, perhaps, to ask it,

But to get it is so nice.

You cannot say it's wicked, &c.

Our Old Canadian Home.

WORDS BY W. W. WAKELAM.

THE moon and stars are brightly shining, as we boys
go marching along,
With knapsack light and our rifles bright, the old hills
shall echo our song.
We are out on the march to-night, boys, on! on! no
matter where we roam,
We know that a welcome awaits us, in our old Canadian
home,
We know that a welcome awaits us, in our old Canadian
home.

CHORUS.

We are out! we are out! we are out on the march
to-night boys,
On! on! no matter where we roam,
We know that a welcome awaits us
In our old Canadian home.

When the dew is on the maple leaf, and the Beaver
drinks from the rills,
Our valleys then team with golden grain, and wild
flowers bloom on the hills,
When the snow flakes fall in their beauty, and roses are
scattered and gone,
We have the sweet music of sleigh-bells, in the place of
the wild bird's song,
We have the sweet music of sleigh-bells, in the place of
the wild bird's song.

We are out! we are out, &c.

When our fathers crossed the ocean deep, in the perilous
days of yore,

They proudly planted Albion's flag, on our own Canadian shore.

And deeds that are hallowed in story, on that flag will ever remain,

And when e'er 'tis unfurled for battle, it will lead us to glory again,

And when e'er 'tis unfurled for battle, it will lead us to glory again.

We are out! we are out, &c

Carena.

WORDS BY C. EVEREST.

As the shadows soft were creeping,
And the sun had faded in the West,
In the churchyard we were weeping,
Where we gently laid Carena down to rest.

CHORUS.

Then weep, Oh! weep, for the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone for ever,
Then weep, Oh! weep, for the grave is deep,
And Carena's gone for ever.

Never bloom'd on earth a flower,
Half so beautiful and fair as she;
Never bird in wood or bower,
Ever warbled notes so full of melody.

Then weep, Oh! weep, &c.

And her spirit knew no sadness,
While her heart was ever gay and light;

And her eye shone bright with gladness,
 As the stars above in beauty shine at night.
 . Then weep, Oh! weep, &c.

Live in my Heart and pay no Rent.

WORDS BY SAMUEL LOVER.

VOURNEEN, when your days were bright,
 Never an eye did I dare to lift to you,
 But, now, we your fortunes blight,
 False ones are flying, in sunshine that knew you,
 But still on *one* welcome true rely.
 Tho' the crops may fail and the cow go dry,
 And your cabin be burn'd and all be spent,
 Come live in my heart and pay no rent.

Vourneen, dry up those tears,
 The sensible people will tell you to wait, dear,
 But Ah! in the wasting of love's young years,
 On our innocent hearts we're counting a *chale*, dear,
 For hearts when they're young should make the vow,
 For when they are old, sure they don't know how.
 So marry at once, and you'll not repent,*
 When you live in my heart and pay no rent.

* One of many affectionate Irish sayings, alluding to the old Irish proverb, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Down Below.

COMIC SONG AND CHORUS, BY REP. WINNER.

WHEN in boyhood's days of trouble,
Down the hollow damp and low,
Ev'ry morn to school I travel'd,
Just because I had to go;
Oh, how hard was ev'ry lesson,
And the days so long and slow,
Just because I could not study
I was always down below.

CHORUS.

Down below, down below,
Down below, down below
Trips are gay, I'd have you know,
For those who travel down below.

When the weary work was over,
Mother dress'd me clean and neat,
I remember how she wash'd me,
Digging at my ears and feet;
Then to Sunday School she sent me,
But my step was always slow,
For it seem'd that all they told
Was of torment down below.

Down below, down below, &c.

Time went on and I grew older,
Thinking always what a fool,
Was I this to ever travel,
Down that dirty lane to school,

Soon the days of youth and hood,
Bid me over the world to go,
But, Alas! I got to drinking,
And they put me down below.

Down below, down below, &c.

Then I thought to cross the ocean,
And to view the world so wide.
But my dear and kind old mother
Check'd my passion for the tide;
For in weeping accents said she,
Benjaminnie, don't you know,
Storms are many on the water,
Sailors often go below.

Down below, down below, &c.

I Know Who is Coming to Me.

WORDS BY T. DARE, ESQ.

When the birdie hath flown to her nest,
And the daisies have clos'd their sweet eyes;
When the star is come out in the West,
And silence steals over the skies;
Then I haste, I haste to our loved Linden tree,
For I know who is coming, is coming to me.

When the lark hath sunk down in the corn,
And the hum of the village is still,
When the twilight grows soft as the morn,
And the glow worms shine under the hill;
Then I haste, I haste, to our lov'd Linden tree,
For I know who is coming, is coming to me.

I am Waiting, Darling.

WORDS BY SARAH F. NORTON.

I am waiting darling, waiting,
For thy footstep's thrilling sound,
For thy hand upon the latchet,
Making all my pulses bound.

I am lonely darling, lonely,
Friends and foes alike have fled,
But for thy long-looked for presence,
Better that I were with the dead.

Thro' the gloom my eyes are striving,
Outlines of thy form to get;
But each footfall, nearing, passing,
"Rings the knell still longer yet."
Why so tardy in thy coming?
Does no sweet and subtle pow'r
Tell thy heart from mine appealing,
How each moment seems an hour?

Hasten love; night closes round me,
And adown the autumn blast,
Sweep strange sounds, that mingle wildly
With the memories of the past.
Come! while in thine arms enfolded,
Fierce winds fall to lullabies;
Phantom forms, and fears, and doubtings,
All dissolve before thine eyes.

Don't Call me a Flirt.

Don't call me a flirt and I'll gladly excuse
 Whatever opinion of me you may choose,
 But speak not, Oh! speak not of me with the taunt,
 That I'm trying to win what I really don't want.
 Whatever you say I'll forgive and forget,
 So you speak not of me as a heartless coquette;
 Say any thing else and I will not be hurt,
 But whatever you call me don't call me a flirt.

You may say if you please I'm a terrible blue,
 For no mischief is done if the charge should prove
 true;

I would rather my head should with Hebron be fill'd,
 Than I in the arts of a flirt should be skill'd.
 Yes laugh if you will at the books on my shelves,
 'Tis a sign that you're not over-burdened yourselves;
 You may call me a blue and I will not be hurt,
 But whatever you call me don't call me a flirt.

You may say I am ugly, ungraceful, or then,
 If I own to all that, I'll be owning no sin;
 If you say what is true, I've no cause to complain,
 And if false, I won't mind, if you say it again.
 But Oh! to be held up to any one's eyes,
 As the thing that all men do most truly despise;
 Call me any thing else and I will not be hurt,
 But whatever you call me don't call me a flirt.

Thou hast Learned to Love Another.

BALLAD.

THOU hast learned to love another,
 Thou hast broken ev'ry vow,
 We have parted from each other,
 And my heart is lonely now;
 I have taught my looks to shun thee,
 When coldly we have met,
 For another's smile hath won thee,
 And thy voice I must forget.
 Oh! is it well to sever
 This heart from thine for ever?
 Can I forget thee? Never!
 Farewell! Farewell for ever!

We have met in scenes of pleasure,
 We have met in halls of pride,
 I have seen thy new-found treasure,
 I have gazed upon thy bride;
 I have marked the timid lustre
 Of thy down-cast, happy eye,
 I have seen thee gaze upon her,
 Forgetting I was by.
 I grieve that e'er I met thee,
 Fain, fain would I forget thee,
 'Twere folly to regret thee,
 Farewell! Farewell for ever!

We have met and we have parted,
 But I uttered scarce a word,
 Like a guilty thing I started,
 When thy well-known voice I heard;

er.

Thy looks were stern and altered,
 And thy words were cold and high,
 How my traitor courage faltered,
 When I dared to meet thine eye.
 Oh! woman's love will grieve her,
 And woman's pride will leave her,
 Life has fled when love deceives her,
 Farewell, farewell for ever!

**Thou hast Wounded the Spirit that
 Loved Thee.**

Thou hast wounded the spirit that lov'd thee,
 And cherished thine image for years,
 Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
 In secret, in silence and tears.
 As a young bird when left by its mother,
 Its earliest pinions to try,
 'Round the nest will still lingering hover,
 Ere its trembling wings can fly.

As a young bird, &c.

Thus we're taught in this cold world to smother
 Each feeling that once was so dear;
 Like that young bird, I'll seek to discover
 A home of affection elsewhere.
 Though this heart may still cling to thee fondly,
 And dream of sweet memories past,
 Yet hope, like the rainbow of summer,
 Gives a promise of Lethe at last.

Though this heart, &c.

"That Little Church round the Corner."

WORDS BY DEXTER SMITH.

THAT little church around the corner,
 How dear to me the spot !
 And tho' far o'er the earth I wander,
 It ne'er can be forgot.
 'Twas there in childhood's days I listened
 To the songs I loved so well,
 And there I heard of God and Heaven,
 Where holy angels ever dwell.

CHORUS.

The sun may shine, the clouds may darken,
 No gloom thro' life can cast;
 That little church around the corner,
 Will take me home at last.

Alas ! the days that were so sunny,
 Have slowly passed away,
 And clouds have gathered o'er my pathway,
 Old friends no longer stay.
 Yet still I hear the sweet birds singing,
 Round above the old church door,
 And holy hymns glad thoughts are bringing,
 To cheer my heart for evermore !
 The sun may shine, &c.

I care not how the world may darken,
 Or earthly friends prove cold,
 I know there is a future for me,
 Within my Father's fold.

And when my soul shall leave its casket,
 Free from all life's sun or storm,
 That little church around the corner,
 Shall welcome home my mortal form.
 The sun may shine, &c.

The Old Schoolhouse.

WORDS BY DEXTER SMITH. (A DREAM OF BYGONE DAYS.)

Oh! years that have flown with thy pleasure and sadness,
 How sweet are the mem'ries I cherish of thee!
 As out of the depths of thy sorrow and gladness
 The haunts of my childhood in fancy I see;
 The cot in the valley, the broad silver river,
 The schoolhouse that stood 'neath the far-spreading tree,
 These scenes in my mem'ry will linger for ever,
 Although far removed from the spot I may be.

The schoolhouse is standing where first I beheld it,
 Now old, weather-beaten and mossy with age,
 And there is the bench where I first learned the lessons
 That cluster so thickly on youth's glowing page;
 The schoolmates that gathered at call of the teacher
 Again I behold in the old, happy place,
 I hear their sweet voices in glad chorus ringing,
 I see the bright smile on each young, eager face.

Oh! Where are those schoolmates? All scattered forever!
 The voice of the teacher is heeded no more,
 And some have passed over the beautiful river
 To meet the great Teacher on heaven's bright shore;
 And may those still learning the world's changeful lessons
 When all of the scenes of life's sad school are past,
 Be gathered together in realms that are fairer,
 In one sweet vacation for ever to last.

The Widow in the Cottage by the Sea-side.

BY C. A. WHITE.

JUST one year ago to-day love,
 I became your happy bride,
 Changed a mansion for a cottage,
 To dwell by the river side;
 You told me I'd be happy,
 But no happiness I see,
 For to-night I am a widow,
 In the cottage by the sea.

CHORUS.

Alone, all alone by the sea-side he left me,
 And no other's bride I'll be;
 For in bridal flow'rs he deck'd me,
 In the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the sea-side
 I can see my mansion home,
 I can see those hills and valleys,
 Where with pleasure I have roamed;
 The last time that I met him,
 Oh! how happy then were we,
 But to-night I am a widow,
 In the cottage by the sea.
 Alone, all alone by the sea-side, &c.

Oh! my poor and aged father,
 How our sorrow he would wail,
 And my poor and aged mother,
 How in tears her eyes would swell;

And my poor and only brother,
 Oh! how he would weep for me,
 If he only knew his sister
 Was a widow by the sea.
 Alone, all alone by the sea-side, &c.

Lilly Bell.

WORDS BY W. W. WAKELAM.

Oh! Lilly Bell I'm weeping,
 I'm weeping love, for thee,
 But thou in death art sleeping,
 Beneath the willow tree;
 The little birds are singing
 Their songs with music's swell,
 But yet my heart is pining
 For thee, my Lilly Bell.

CHORUS.

Oh! Lilly Bell I'm weeping,
 I'm weeping love, for thee,
 Thou in death art sleeping,
 Beneath the willow tree.

Oh! Lilly Bell I'm thinking,
 As thro' the fields I roam,
 Of tears we shed at parting,
 In that once happy home;
 I'm listening for those songs, love,
 This lonely heart to cheer!
 The songs you sung in childhood,
 That angels love to hear.

Oh! Lilly Bell I'm weeping, &c.

The summer flowers are blooming
 Around the farm-house door ;
 The little boat is moor'd, love,—
 Down by the pebbly shore.
 But Oh ! my thoughts are weary,
 When other hearts are gay,
 This world to me seems weary,
 My Lilly's far away.
 Oh ! Lilly Bell I'm weeping, &c.

The Milliner's Daughter.

WORDS BY GEORGE COOPER.

OH ! the sweetest of girls with the brightest of curls,
 Is the nice little maid in the Milliner's shop !
 She's at work ev'ry morning, as soon as the dawning,
 So always when I'm passing her window I stop.
 Now she always is sewing, her bright needle going
 Is surely the same as young Cupid's keen dart !
 For in love I have been, since her face I have seen,
 And her smile like a ribbon encircles my heart !

CHORUS.

Oh ! she's the Milliner's daughter,
 And oft I've besought her
 To put on her bonnet and come marry me !
 'Mid her craps and her riches,
 She makes sweet excuses,
 But she's given her promise that mine she will be !

Oh ! she would'nt set her "cap" at another gay chap,
 For her dear little heart is both loving and true !

She is kind in all weathers, with no fuss and "feathers,"
 Nor changes ev'ry season as bonnets oft do !
 All the folks who go shopping like me can't help
 stopping
 To hear her sweet voice like a bell's silv'ry peal !
 Roses like her fair cheeks, Oh ! it's vainly one seeks,
 For they're all "artificial " while hers are the real !
 And she's the Milliner's daughter, &c.

I'm in love I confess, and I could'nt say less,
 For I'm dreaming about her by night and by day !
 And I watch thro' the window, when no one's to
 hinder,
 My sweetest "bird of Paradise," charming and gay !
 Now I really am lucky ! she wears a neat jockey,
 And looks like a fairy with that on her head !
 But she's soon going to wear just a wreath round her
 hair,
 With some pure "orange blossoms " all over it spread !
 For she's the Milliner's daughter, &c.

Through the Jessamine.

WORDS BY CLARIBEL.

RIGHT earnestly I send my love
 For one kind look or smile,
 She turn'd her face away from me
 And answer'd not the while ;
 Yet as I cross'd the little porch,
 Perplex'd by many a doubt,
 I saw her through the jessamine,
 Why was she looking out ?

I pleaded for a little rose,
 That nestled in her hair,
 She turn'd away in seeming scorn,
 And left me lonely there;
 Yet as beneath her window, still
 I pass'd in dull despair,
 I saw the rosebud in the grass,
 How had it fallen there.

'Tis years ago, her sunny hair
 Is still as brown and bright,
 And on her hand a little ring,
 Is flashing in the light;
 She is my own for evermore,
 And I was mad to doubt,
 Since first behind the jessamine
 I saw her looking out.

Dear Old Songs of Home.

WORDS BY W. D. SMITH.

THOSE dear old songs of home
 Fall sweetly on my ear,
 Wherever I may roam,
 Though skies are dull or clear;
 And when I hear the strain
 I heard in days of yore,
 It bears me back again
 To live those sweet days o'er.
 It bears me back, &c.

Though clouds may hover near,
 And shadows fall around,

My grief will disappear
 At music's joyous sound ;
 Then let me hear again
 The songs we sung at home,
 They bear love's sweet refrain
 To cheer us as we roam.

They bear love's, &c.

Drifting.

CLARABEL.

DREAMILY drift the shadows
 O'er my life again,
 Heavily in my bosom
 Throbs the mighty pain.
 O'er earth's dreary desert,
 Lonely and uncarress'd,
 Roams my weary spirit,
 Vainly seeking rest.

CHORUS.

Fearfully here I'm treading,
 Wearily here I wait,
 Beautiful angel wardens
 Open the pearly gate.

Life is a weary journey,
 Time is so dark and cold,
 Vainly I've been grasped for sunbeams,
 Shadows are all I hold.

Hearts that I've loved are faithless,
 Lips that my own have pressed,
 Lie in the tomb's sad silence,
 Where I, too, long to rest.
 Fearfully here I'm waiting, &c.

Regret Thee!

WORDS BY J. L. ELLERTON.

REGRET thee! couldst thou only know
 How oft my thoughts were fixed on thee;
 And sleepless nights, when hours creep slow,
 Thine image still re-visits me.
 I think upon the distant day,
 When first we met in joyous youth,
 Where all seemed bright in hope's pure ray,
 And being true we deemed all truth.

And though on time's dark, ceaseless tide,
 Those happy days are long since gone;
 Thine image seems identified,
 With all the precious moments flown.
 When thou on whom my heart was placed,
 Wert all of good to me was given,
 An emblem of the blissful past,
 An earnest of a future Heav'n.

But soon, too soon I learnt to rue
 The coldness of the fickle heart;
 Too soon with bitter tears I knew
 That thou hadst play'd a treach'rous part;

That like a bark whose anchor's cast
 Upen a shifting, perilous shore,
 All, all on which my hopes were placed,
 Had banished to return no more.

"I Should Like to be an Alligator."

WORDS BY G. W. HUNT.

In days gone by I did the swell,
 And patronized the Zoo,
 In love too with a darling fell,
 A charming girl nam'd Lou';
 But neither Zoo, nor charming Lou',
 Shall I e'er see again,
 I'm now devoted to the blues,
 My life is full of pain, pain, pain!

CHORUS.

I should like to be an Alligator,
 Or a curly Crocodile, Crocodile, dile, dile.
 But I'd rather be an Alligator,
 Than be mourning melancholy for my own true
 love.

To "do the Zoo" was one of Lou's
 Most favorite of wishes,
 And so we used to go and view,
 The birds, the beasts, and fishes;
 And whilst we watched the love-birds,
 And the pretty doves a cooing,

We settled that St. Pancras Church,
Should shortly end our wooing, wooing, wooing.
I should like to be an Alligator, &c.

One day Lou' gave the monkeys nuts,
And because they turn'd out "duffing,"
One tore my darling's chignon off,
And then pull'd out the stuffing;
It gave my darling such a turn,
She never could recover,
And two days after I did learn,
I'd lost my own true lover, lover, lover.
I should like to be an Alligator, &c.

So now I roam dejected,
Whilst the Bear and Crocodile,
Can wag their tails contented,
And the ugly monkeys smile;
The Cockatoo and Kangaroo,
Seem not to care a jot,
But the curly Alligator
Seems the sleepest of the lot, lot, lot.

SPOKEN.—Could I but sleep I should forget my woe,
but as I can't—

I should like to be an Alligator, &c.

Come and Kiss Me.

WORDS BY DELEHANTY.

She hug'd me and she kiss'd me, she took me by the
hand,
She said I was the sweetest this side the promised

land ;

I told her that I loved her, my love for her was strong,
I ask'd her if she'd marry me, she told me to go long,

CHORUS.

Kome and kiss me, kome and kiss me, kome and kiss
me Susie,

Oh ! don't be mad with me.

Kome and kiss me, kome and kiss me, kome and kiss
me Susie,

Oh ! don't be mad with me.

I get up in the morning, I look up in the sky,
Think I see the eagle's nest, and hear the young ones
cry.

We'er going up to heaven, to ride the *blessed* horse,
Be careful of your footsteps, *don't tread upon the cross.*

Kome and kiss me, &c.

Little Matilda Jane.

WORDS BY NICHOLAS ENGEL.

THE happiest moment in my life it happen'd the
other day,

When dressed in the height of fashion, I was stroll-
ing down Broadway ;

I wore my little velvet coat, my nobby cap and cane,
I fell in love with a little dove, her name's Matilda
Jane,

She's the prettiest little creature, if you'd try 'twould
be in vain,

To see a belle that could compare with little Matilda
Jane.

Her dark blue eyes they sparkle like a little heavenly
star,

Her pretty hands and little feet, she's the pride of
her mamma ;

There's music in her charming voice, formed to
entertain,

She's a perfect little humming-bird, my pretty
Matilda Jane.

She's the prettiest little creature, if you'd try 'twould
be in vain,

To see a belle that could compare with little Matilda
Jane.

You may talk about your dashing blondes, who silks
and satin wear,

With diamonds, pearls and jewels, to make them
look quite fair ;

But Matilda in her calico dress, she looks so neat
and plain,

She's nature's beauty, unadorned, my dear Matilda
Jane.

She's a perfect little creature, if you'd try 'twould be
in vain,

To see a belle that could compare with little Matilda
Jane.

Just one year from her next birthday, Matilda did
agree,

If ev'ry thing did pass off smooth, that we would

married be ;
 And when she once becomes my bride, I'll do my
 might and main,
 To live a long and happy life, with little Matilda
 Jane.
 She's the prettiest little creature, if you'd try 'twould
 be in vain,
 To see a belle that could compare with little Matilda
 Jane.

Woman's Suffrage.

WORDS BY H. H. BRYANT.

WHOM shall we send to Washington,
 To Congress, there, and all that ?
 Or who our laws will wisest con,
 And most deserve to do that ?
 For all and all, and all that,
 The country thro', and all that,
 Is it the lad or charming Miss,
 That best deserves to do that ?

CHORUS.

Who likes her love her laws can't hate,
 I go for her, and all that ;
 The care-dispelling candidate,
 She's my first choice, and all that.

Whoever sees a sly coquette,
 And who has never seen that ?

Whoe'er was in sweet sev'nteen's net,
 And has a doubt of all that ?
 For all and all, and all that,
 Here's woman's wits for all that ;
 Our sweetly chignon'd patriots,
 The honest Miss, and all that.

Who likes her love, &c.

For wit or worth in lads or Misses,
 Our country well can show that ;
 But wise boys trade their votes for kisses,
 And well the dear ones know that.
 For all and all, and all that,
 Here's woman's lips and all that ;
 The care-dispelling candidate,
 Shall be our choice, and all that.

Who likes her love, &c.

Let join who will, Ben Butler shuffles,
 Here's ankles fair, and all that,
 Just peeping 'neath such snow-white ruffles,
 And who deserves may have that.
 For all and all, and all that,
 Here's woman's love and all that ;
 For it we're always bought or sold
 With kiss, caress, and all that.

Who likes her love, &c.

So here's to Hoodhull and all dearies,
 With ribbon, tress, and all that ;
 Of such elections man ne'er wearies,
 Nor of coy ways and all that.

For all and all, and all that,
 Here's woman's jaws for all that ;
 And then will have a reckoning day,
 With man's queer ways and all that.
 Who likes her love, &c.

For topsy here's a hearty smack,
 Next President and all that ;
 Though black, she too for votes can whack,
 With love's sweet smack, and all that,
 For all and all, and all that.
 Here's topsy's whack and all that ;
 In happy days when love's sweet smack
 Is had for votes and all that.
 Who likes her love, &c.

The Little Merry Fat Man.

A RACY COMIC SONG.

There is a little man dress'd all in grey,
 He lives in the city and he's always gay,
 He lives in the city and he's always gay ;
 He's round as an apple, plump as a pear,
 He has not a shilling, and he has not a care,
 He has not a shilling, and he has not a care.

CHORUS.

Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he
 laughs,
 Yet he laughs and he sings, and he sings and he
 laughs,
 And he laughs ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Laughs ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha!

Oh! what a merry, merry, merry, merry, merry,
merry, little, little, little, little, little, little,
little, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat, fat
grey man.

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
He sings merry songs and flirts with the lasses;
He sings merry songs and flirts with the lasses;
He has debts, he has duns, when bailiffs draw
near

He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear,
He shuts up his door, and he shuts up his ear.
Yet he laughs and he sings, &c.

If the rain through the roof his garret floor wets,
In his bed snoring snugly, the rain he forgets,
In his bed snoring snugly, the rain he forgets.
In bleak cold December,, it hails and it snows,
If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows,
If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows,
Yet he laughs and he sings &c.

Barney the Driver.

I wish to introduce myself and tell from where I
came,
I drive a Dublin Jaunting Car and Barney is my
name,
I'm always ready for a job, to drive you near or far,
So try the value of my word by jumping on my car,
For Barney always is on hand just on the stand that
place beyond.

To hotel, hut or palace ground I'll drive you on my
car.

To place or park, to Murty Moore's or Noah's ark,
In light or dark, I'll drive you near or far.

CHORUS

Then if you want to take a Drive,
I'll quickly have my horse 'long side,
To Phoenix Park or Liffy's Side,
I'll drive you on my car.
Crack, crack, goes my whip,
Crack, crack, off we go,
Crack, crack, I'm never slow,
So jump up on my car.

I know you are a stranger here and want to see the
town,
I will describe all as we ride the streets, sir, up and
down.
First thing we'll cross the Carlisle Bridge up famous
Sackville Street,
As far as Nelson's pillar sir so handsome and
complete;
To Dublin castle next we'll go the Lord Lieutenant's
house,
I'll show Four courts and Patrick's Church also, then
'jump up on my car.
If you're in for fun to Nancey's Hands we'll take a
run,
Good lunch and punch and pretty girls are there.
Then if you want to take a drive, &c.

The Prince of Wales to Dublin he once came to see
the town,

Each Jarvey was afraid but me to drive his highness
round ;

When he sat on the sate, sez I, just keep your hoults
astore,

And the divil such a ride he said, he ever had before.
Now ev'ry word I tell you, is very true, if doubt you
do,

Just ax the Prince himself, yes, do, then jump upon
my car.

Then off, we hoults, don't mind the joults, keep up your
hoults,

Whip up the coult, in luxury we joults.

Then if you want to take a drive, &c.

Oh, help Little Mary.

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

I've wandered all day in the pitiless storm,
No shoes and no stockings to keep my feet warm;
No shawl but this thin one so faded and old,
To keep off the rain and to keep out the cold,
But father and I must have bread, that is sure,
For since mother died we have been very poor,
And dear father drinks so, the tho't makes me wild,
Oh help little Mary, the drunkard's poor child.

CHORUS.

Oh help little Mary to-night some kind friend,
For God loves her dearly and will to the end,
Oh pray that at last, her poor father He'll save,
As she prays every night on her dear mother's
grave.

The flow'rs that I sell every morn in the street,
 Scarce bring us enough for the food that we eat,
 And often I wish that dear God up on high,
 Might take me to dwell with mamma in the sky,
 And yet 'twould be hard to leave poor father here,
 With no one to love him and no one to cheer,
 For when he is sober he's pleasant and mild,
 And loves little Mary his own darling child.

CHORUS.

Oh help little Mary to-night some kind friend,
 For God loves her dearly and will to the end,
 Oh pray that at last, her poor father He'll save,
 As she prays every night on her dear mother's
 grave.

I hope that dear God, for I know that he can,
 Will make my dear father a good happy man,
 And then we together may walk on the street,
 And I can have stockings and shoes on my feet,
 Now will you oh friends, you with hearts kind and
 warm,
 Will you help the dear father I love to reform,
 For my sad heart sometimes with sorrow grows wild,
 Oh help little Mary the drunkard's poor child.

CHORUS.

Oh help little Mary to-night some kind friend,
 For God loves her dearly and will to the end,
 Oh pray that at last her poor father He'll save,
 As she prays every night on her dear mother's
 grave.

Kiss me Mother dear Good Night.

WORDS BY G. W. EDSON.

GENTLY falls the dews of even,
Twilight's rosy hues have fled,
Minnie, come my little darling,
It is time to go to bed.
And responsive to our greeting,
Comes a merry little sprite,
Tiny rosebud lips repeating,
Kiss me mamma dear good night.

CHORUS.

Kiss me mamma, kiss your darling,
And when papa comes to-night,
Tell him little Minnie loves him,
Kiss me mamma dear good night.

Her's seems like an angel's brightness,
With her golden curly head,
And her robes of snowy whiteness,
Kneeling by her little bed,
For a gentle voice says listen,
If I say my prayer aright,
Then as bright her blue eyes glisten,
Kiss me mamma dear good night.

Kiss me mamma, &c.

Nestling sweetly in the pillows,
Minnie soon is fast asleep,
Oh how we should miss the patter,
Of her tiny little feet.

And we pray she may be spared us,
 With her sunny smile so bright,
 And her cheering, trusting murmur,
 Kiss me mamma dear good night.

Kiss me mamma, &c.

Put me in my little Bed.

OH birdie, I am tired now,
 I do not care to hear you sing ;
 You've sung your happy songs all day,
 Now put your head beneath your wing ;
 I'm sleepy too, as I can be,
 And sister when my prayer is said
 I want to lay me down to rest,
 So put me in my little bed.

CHORUS.

Come, sister, come ! Kiss me good night,
 For I my evening prayer have said ;
 I'm tired now and sleepy too,
 Come, put me in my little bed.

Oh sister, what did mother say,
 When she was called to Heaven away ?
 She told me always to be good,
 And never, never go astray ;

I can't forget the day she died,
 She placed her hand upon my head,
 She whisper'd softly, "Keep my child,"
 And then they told me she was dead.

Come sister come, &c.

Dear sister, come and hear my prayer
 Now ere I lay me down to sleep,
 Within my Heavenly Father's care,
 While angels bright their vigils keep;
 And let me ask of Him above,
 To keep my soul in paths of right,
 Oh! let me thank Him for His love,
 Ere I say my last "good night."

Come sister come, &c.

In Her "Little Bed" We laid Her.

Answer to

"Put me in my little Bed."

WORDS BY DEXTER SMITH.

In her little bed we laid her,
 When the roses lost their bloom,
 And a valley grave we made her,
 Close beside her mother's lonely tomb.
 Little birdie sang his sad notes,
 As her spirit pass'd away,
 Ere she sought the home of angels,
 In the land of perfect day.

CHORUS.

Little Birdie sing your sweetest,
 For darling is an angel now;
 She is free from pain and sorrow,
 With love's star upon her heavenly brow.

Far too lovely was our darling,
 For this cold and bitter life,
 And although we weep to miss her,
 She is free from mortal worldly strife.
 And we dream her angel mother,
 Strokes again her darling's head
 And amid angelic music,
 Lays her in her little bed.

Little birdie sing your sweetest, &c.

Little birdie sing your sweetest;
 Darling is an angel now,
 She is free from pain or sorrow,
 With love's star upon her heavenly brow.
 Happy child, and happy mother,
 Reunited ne'er to part,
 In the angel home above us,
 Let this cheer our mournful heart.

Little birdie sing your sweetest &c.



Moët and Chandon.

Sequel to

Champagne Charlie.

WHAT care I if the world turns round,
 No, let it turn, and turn again ;
 No matter if it's upside down,
 It still produces good champagne.
 Never care I how the times may go,
 Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
 Moët and Chandon still drowns all woe,
 Oh ! I oh ! I oh !

CHORUS.

Champagne Charlie was my name,
 Champagne drinking gain'd my fame ;
 So as of old, when on a spree,
 Moët and Chandon's the wine for me.

The people may of Paris talk,
 And call that city fine and gay ;
 Whene'er I visit La Belle France,
 Esparney's where I make my stay.
 Down on the banks where the streamlets flow,
 Oh ! I oh ! oh ! I oh !
 Purple and gold do the grape vines grow,
 Oh ! I oh ! I oh !

Champagne Charlie was my name, &c.

White wines are pale and have no taste,
 The red, indeed, have too much hue ;
 Moselle, in pleasing, often fails,
 Still Hook's too slow, and suits but few.

Burgundy, Sherry, Greek wines, Bordeaux,

Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Like Port from Spain, do but taste so so,

Oh! I oh! I oh!

Champagne Charlie was my name, &c.

Champagne's the wine for giving toasts,

Let husbands pledge their buxom wives;

Whilst lovers drink to sweethearts true,

And bachelors to married lives.

They'll not keep single for long, I know,

Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

Bach'lors, by "Cham," will be turned to beaux,

Oh! I oh! I oh!

Champagne Charlie was my name, &c.

So, come, who'll join my jolly crowd?

At midnight we'll commence the spree;

Hurrah for "Cham!" we'll shout aloud,

And laugh, and chaff, and sing with glee.

Popping of corks shall let people know,

Oh! I oh! oh! I oh!

"Cham" does as freely as water flow,

Oh! I oh! I oh!

Champagne Charlie was my name, &c.

"Sweet Little Blue Eyes"

WORDS BY J. A. HANSON.

I know a maid, I'm not afraid

To match against the world;

Her heart is true, her eyes are blue,

Her locks by nature curled.

There's no deceit, from head to feet
 In her, my maid so true,
 But in her eyes the magic lies,
 Those charming eyes so blue.

CHORUS.

Sweet little blue eyes, sparkle ever ;
 Dear little true heart, sadden never.
 Beaming and sparkling, ever true,
 Match who can my eyes of blue:
 Beaming and sparkling, ever true,
 Match who can my eyes of blue.
 Beneath those eyes there surely lies
 A heart 'tis well to win ;
 The heart looks through those eyes of blue,
 Which mirror all within.
 The deep, dark eye may satisfy
 Him who has never seen,
 My maid so true, with eyes so blue,
 Sweet, laughing, little queen ;
 My maid so true, with eyes so blue,
 Sweet, laughing, little queen.
 Sweet little blue eyes, &c.

She oft will greet with kiss so sweet,
 Her loved one, him alone ;
 Her witching smile would sure beguile
 A heart tho' made of stone.
 Oh ! may no fear e'er cause a tear
 From those soft eyes to start ;
 Tender and true, those eyes so blue,
 And true that faithful heart.

Sweet little blue eyes, &c.

"When the Moon is Rising, Allie."

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL;

WHEN the moon is rising, Allie,
 Then I'll meet you by the glen,
 But dear Allie, you must tell me,
 Tell me dearest Allie when.
 When, I mean that you will wed me,
 For you promised me so long,
 That I think your only joking
 And intend to do me wrong.

CHORUS.

When the moon is rising Allie,
 Then I'll meet you by the glen :
 Do not disappoint me Allie
 But be sure and tell me when.

When the moon is rising Allie,
 I will meet you gentle dove.
 But dear Allie, you must tell me,
 Tell me truly that you love.
 When you'll take my aching heart,
 For I can no longer tarry,
 In the matrimonial mart.

When the moon, &c.

When the moon is rising Allie,
 All alone I'll meet you there,
 But be careful what you promise,
 Allie dearest, have a care,
 Tell me honestly you'll have me,
 Tell me ere the hour of ten.
 And be sure you tell me Allie,
 Tell me Allie dearest when.

When the moon, &c.

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Good Bye.

FAREWELL, farewell, is often heard,
From the lips of those who part,
'Tis a whispered tone, a gentle word,
But it comes not from the heart,
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words. "good-bye!"

The mother sending forth her child,
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts her fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "Adieu" no "Farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives:—
"God bless thee, boy, Good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world's a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long, a last "Good-bye."

Mother I Leave thy dwelling.

MOTHER I leave thy dwelling
 Thy counsel and thy care,
 With grief my heart is swelling,
 No more in them to share?
 Nor hear thy sweet voice speaking
 When hours of joy run high,
 Nor sweet thy mild eye seeking
 When sorrow's touch comes nigh.

Mother I leave thy dwelling,
 And the sweet hour of prayer,
 With grief my heart is breaking
 No more to meet me there,
 Thy faith and fervor pleading,
 In unspent hours of love,
 Perchance my soul art leading,
 To better hopes above.

Mother I leave thy dwelling
 Oh ! shall it be forever!
 With grief my heart is swelling,
 From thee, from thee to sever,
 Those arms that now enfold me,
 So closely to thy heart
 Those eyes that now, behold me,
 From all from all I part.

As Good as Gold.

WORDS BY FRANK W. GREEN.

THOUGH fond of jollity sometimes,
 I like a quiet life,
 And love a cosy evening pass'd,
 At home with my old wife,
 She brought me neither house nor land,
 Her wealth could soon be told !
 But she's a fortune in herself
 And that's as good as gold.

CHORUS.

Yes she's as good as gold she is,
 She's just as good as gold ;
 And I can see, she's fond of me,
 And that's as good as gold.

She does not wear the finest robes,
 Nor dress in silk attire ;
 But then if she looks fair to me,
 What more can I desire ?
 Her house is not the grandest one,
 But it keeps out the cold
 It pleases me, it pleases her
 And that's as good as gold.

Yes, she's as good, &c.

When matters go a little wrong,
 And fortune seems to frown,
 If one's a wife as good as gold,
 One can't be long cast down.

For when I reach my house at night,
 She does not fret or scold.
 But always greets me with a smile
 And that's as good as gold

Yes she's as good, &c.

Contented folks are happier
 Than those who've greatest wealth,
 For gold does not bring happiness,
 Nor can it purchase health,
 My wife and I will be content,
 When we have both grown old,
 To be as happy then as now,
 And that's as good as gold.

Yes she's as good, &c.

"The Drum Major."

BEHOOLD A warrior bold,
 Who is not too fond of fighting,
 Home service suits him best,
 It's so much more inviting;
 Tho' men may laugh at my walking staff,
 They envy me, I wager,
 And would not they all like to be
 The Grenadiers' Drum Major.

CHORUS.

Marching thro' the parks, marching thro' the parks,
 You hear the drum go rum, tum, tum,
 As we march thro' the parks.

As we go marching by,
 There is many a pretty face,
 That always has a smile
 For me and my gold lace.
 At a girl I wink, which makes her think,
 In talk I should engage her;
 But bless their hearts, I love them all,
 Does the Grenadiers' Drum Major.

Marching thro' the parks, &c.

At night, with what delight,
 Do we beat the grand tattoo,
 Then every drummer's boy,
 To his sweetheart bids adieu.
 We've beaten the drum, then out I come,
 To meet Matilda Prager,
 Who thinks it grand, you understand,
 To walk with her Drum Major.

Marching thro' the parks, &c.

Now ladies pray don't start
 At what I'm going to mention,
 Although I love you all,
 To wed's not my intention;
 The band would make fun of me,
 My wife if she were to see her;
 But ladies don't be so severe
 Who'll walk with the Drum Major?

Marching thro' the parks, &c.

The Old Piney Woods.

Song and Chorus.

WORDS BY W. W. WAKELAM.

Old hard Times dwells in the old Piney Woods,
 In the old Piney Woods once so gay;
 Yet the sun shines bright round my little cabin home,
 And the mocking bird sings night and day.
 Poor massa is gone to his long, long home,
 No more he will rally with the brave;
 He sleeps in death on the cold battle-field,
 And the stars now twinkle o'er his grave;

CHORUS.

Old hard Times dwells in the old Piney Woods,
 In the old Piney Woods once so gay;
 Yet the sun shines bright round my little cabin home,
 And the mocking bird sings night and day.

Carlo still watches by the garden gate,
 To welcome the absent home once more;
 The grass grows green on the little sandy path,
 And vines now hide the old rustic door.
 Fond dreams of the past still cling to my heart,
 I roam through the Pineys all the day,
 Lonely and sad, where the wild flowers bloom,
 Weeping for the loved ones far away.
 Old hard Times dwells, &c.

Old Time is at work on the old farm house,
 The barn is fast falling to decay;
 The kind and the true, with sorrow in their hearts,
 Now dwell in the lands far, far away.
 There's no more work for the spade and the hoe,
 No cattle to feed or grass to mow;
 The old blind horse and the young brindle cow,
 Are all that's left me to care for now.
 Old hard Times dwells, &c.

Kathleen with the Golden Hair.

WORDS BY JAMES KENNAN.

Beneath the limpid brook we played,
 In childhood's happy, happy hours,
 Or through the dells and valleys strayed,
 And gathered bright and beauteous flowers.
 But ne'er grew flower in the dell,
 That to my fancy seemed so fair,
 As she, my young heart loved so well,
 Sweet Kathleen with the golden hair.

CHORUS.

Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen with the golden hair,
 For ne'er grew flow'r o'er hill or dell,
 Like Kathleen with the golden hair.

Beneath the green and spreading oak,
 That by the little streamlet grew,
 One eve our vows of love we spoke,
 And, parting, promised to be true.
 For I must sail o'er ocean wide,
 A sailor's stormy life to dare,
 To win a guerdon for my bride,
 Sweet Kathleen with the golden hair.

Kathleen, Kathleen, &c.

I sailed afar o'er many seas,
 In quiet calm and furious storm,
 But still her voice spoke in the breeze,
 My dreaming eyes beheld her form.
 At length returned to meet my love,
 My gathered wealth with her to share;
 The willows droop and grieve above,
 Lost Kathleen with the golden hair.

Kathleen, Kathleen, &c.

"What need have I the Truth to tell."

Answer to

Won't you Tell me Why, Robin?

WORDS BY CLARABEL.

You ask me why I bring no more,
Sweet scented posies to your door,
Nor daily to the wicket hie,
To raise the latch as you pass by;
Nor claim your hand at village dance,
But turn aside with gloomy glance.
What need have I the truth to tell,
To you who know it all so well?

What need have I, &c.

You've play'd upon my hopes and fears,
My love that grew with fleeting years;
At times you've whiled away my pain,
Too soon you'd frown it back again.
The while, you gaily smiled alike
On Allan, Leonard, and on Mike;
Till I, but there's no need to tell
The cause of all you know so well.

Till I, but there's no need, &c.

I'm wiser now, I know 'tis vain,
To live in that fond dream again;
To sigh, to hope, to rue the pow'r,
Of moods that change with ev'ry hour.
Yet if you'll show good cause that I,
Should answer to your "Tell me why,"
I won't refuse the truth to tell,
Although you know it all so well.

I won't refuse the truth, &c.

'Twas Milking Time.

A BALLAD, BY C. A. WHITE.

TWAS milking time, and the cows came up
 From the meadows sweet with clover,
 And stood in the lane, while pretty Jane
 Had a quiet chat with the drover.
 Such a quiet chat, that it scarcely seem'd
 That a single word was spoken,
 And the magic spell like the night dews fell,
 And the rhythm of song was unbroken.
 The cattle stood by the lovers' side,
 Without any show of vexation,
 As tho' impress'd that a five-bar rest
 Was a part of their restoration.
 And as Jane was list'ning to notes that came
 Right under the bars and over,
 Her heart took wing like a silly thing,
 And nestled close up to the drover.

She heard him say that his home was poor,
 That he'd nothing but love to give her ;
 And she smiled content as tho' love had spent
 Ev'ry arrow he had in his quiver.
 She smiled content, while the evening air
 With voices of birds was ringing,
 And her lips confessed that a lowly nest
 Should never prevent her from singing.
 So over the bars the lovers lean,
 In the joy of sweet communion,
 And their looks declare that poverty ne'er
 Shall be a bar to their union.
 Oh, sweetest muse go thread your rhymes,
 Now under the bars and over,
 Where pretty Jane, in the fragrant lane,
 Bewitched the heart of the drover,

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True.

WORDS BY MISS MULOCH.

COULD you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve you,
I'd smile on you sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh to call back the days that are not;
My eyes were blinded, your words were few
Do you know the truth now up in heaven?
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart to your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Kissing in Fun.

WORDS BY SEP. WINNER.

YOUNG Joe he was as nice a man
As any in the land;
He never told his love to me,
Tho' often press'd my hand.

His failings were but few indeed,
 In fact, I know of none ;
 Yet once he had the impudence,
 To kiss me just in fun.

I chid him in most tender words,
 Indeed 'twas all in vain,
 For as he begged my pardon then,
 He kissed me o'er again.
 I tore myself from his embrace,
 And strove his grasp to shun,
 But with a kind apology,
 He said 'twas all in fun.

As time roll'd on and days went by,
 His lips met mine again,
 I half forgot to chide him then,
 I knew 'twould be in vain.
 Now ladies fair and maidens shy,
 Take my advice as one,
 Let lovers kiss not on the sly,
 Unless you're fond of fun.

O What shall be my Song To-night ?

WORDS BY KATE HARRINGTON.

O WHAT shall be my song to-night,
 The earth, the sea, or sky ?
 The star-gleams with their trembling light,
 Or night-birds' plaintive cry ?
 Not such can fill the lonely heart
 With thoughts of bliss divine,
 Not such a holy thrill impart
 To spirit warm as thine.

The dawning of a lovely form,
 Upon the raptured eye ;
 The hand's soft touch, as true and warm,
 The red lips' answering sigh ;
 The gentle voice for which we yearn,
 In crowds or lonely dell,
 The beaming smile to which we turn,
 Enthralled by beauty's spell.

These be the burden of my song,
 While dreams of heav'n are thine,
 Made glorious by an angel throng,
 Bow'd at an earthly shrine.
 Then turn thee once from them to-night,
 To one who wanders free ;
 To sing how all things pure and bright,
 Have found a home in thee.

A Kiss for your Thought.

POETRY BY W. G. BENNETT.

A KISS for your thought, a kiss
 As sweet, as sweet as this ;
 And should it in truth, love, be of me, but me.
 As love indeed it ought ; I'll not deny you three,
 A kiss, a kiss, a kiss for your thought.
 As love indeed, &c.

A kiss for your thought, a kiss
 As dear, as dear as this ;
 And should it in truth, not be of me, not me,
 but me,
 As love, indeed it ought. Your pardon will
 cost you three.
 A kiss, a kiss, a kiss for your thought.

As love indeed, &c.

O Meet Me in the Grove.

WORDS BY C. T. LANG.

O MEET me in the grove, my Alie darling,
Where the mocking-birds are singing their
sweet lay,

They will sing the more joyously and charming,
When they know that you are list'ning, Alie May.

CHORUS.

O meet me in the grove, my Alie darling,
Where the mocking-birds are singing their sweet
lay,

They will sing the more joyously and charming,
When they know that you are list'ning, Alie May.

In the grove beyond the meadow, Alie darling,
Where the pebbly-bottomed stream goes rippling
by,

Where we promised yester even, Alie darling,
We did promise to be true, both you and I.

O meet me in the grove, &c.

Come out into the grove, my Alie darling,
Where the leaves are waving gaily in the breeze.
There we will sing of love, my Alie darling,
To the whisp'ring of soft music thro' the trees.

O meet me in the grove, &c.

And when the twilight deepens, Alie darling,
We will bid good-bye to grove and meadow fair,
And hand in hand before the parson, darling,
At the altar be made one while kneeling there.

O meet me in the grove, &c.

Kiss Me, Good-Bye, Darling.

WORDS BY WILL. S. HAYS.

GENTLY the moon mounts the skies,
 Stars their night-watches do keep,
 Why let those tears dim thine eyes?
 Thine were not made, love, to weep.
 Look up and tell me you love me,
 Grief nearly breaks my young heart;
 Smile once again in mine eyes,
 And kiss me, kiss me ere we part.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, darling, good-bye,
 Do not grieve or miss me,
 I must go and leave you weeping,
 O kiss me, darling, kiss me.

Smile once again ere I go,
 Tell me your heart will be true,
 Mine be the pleasure to know,
 Loving, I love none but you.
 Tell me when absent you'll love me,
 Lips speak the love of the heart;
 Come, do not weep, love, for me,
 But kiss me, kiss me ere we part.

Good-bye, darling, &c.

Farewell, my loved one, my own,
 O, but be true unto me,
 Soon will my life's bark be thrown,
 Out in the tempest at sea.

I'm going, my darling, I'll love you,
 Smile, lest you break my poor heart;
 O come, let me tell you, good-bye,
 And kiss me, kiss me ere we part.

Good-bye, darling, &c.

I'm Waiting for Thee, Darling.

WORDS BY LOUISA WATSON.

I'm waiting for thee, darling,
 Waiting for thy smile,
 Waiting for a look of kindness,
 My fond heart to beguile.
 One light pressure of thy hand,
 One sweet smile when passing by,
 Would bring the sun-light to my heart,
 The love-light to my eye.

CHORUS.

I'm waiting for thee, darling,
 Waiting for thy smile;
 Waiting for a look of kindness,
 My fond heart to beguile.

I'm waiting for thee, darling,
 Waiting still and loving on,
 Hoping, praying, thou wilt feel
 That love so brave and strong.
 Feel it in thy hours of sadness,
 When thy heart is drawn to God,
 And feel for one who's sadly waiting,
 Bowing to his chast'ning rod.
 I'm waiting for thee, darling, &c.

Ten Minutes Too Late.

WORDS BY HARRY CLIFTON.

CERTAIN fidgety folks we have all of us me ,
 Who are famous for being " too soon,"
 For a two o'clock dejeuner a la fourchette,
 They are safe to turn up about noon ;
 Punctuality's all very proper I know,
 But all hurry and worry I hate ;
 So it always occurs wherever I go,
 I'm exactly ten minutes too late.

CHORUS.

Punctuality's all very proper I know,
 But all hurry and worry I hate ;
 So it always occurs that wherever I go,
 I'm exactly ten minutes too late.

When I jump in a Hansom, or climb on a Bus,
 To be nicely in time for a train,
 I am half in a fever and quite in a fuss,
 Tho' I feel that my efforts are vain ;
 When I find myself safe in the station at last,
 And believe it's five minutes to eight,
 I observe with a sigh that it's five minutes past,
 So I'm only ten minutes too late.

Punctuality's all very proper, &c.

I was once on a time very deeply in love,
 And I courted in verse and in prose,
 I obtained a big lock of her hair, and a glove,
 So I made up my mind to propose ;

But a cab drove away as I knocked at her door,
 And her answer decided my fate,
 For my rival had call'd there a little before,
 So that I was ten minutes too late.

Punctuality's all very proper,

I should sing for a month if I told a song
 The misfortunes I have to endure,
 From the habit that's haunted me all my life long,
 And will haunt me till death, I am sure,
 When my fitful career is approaching its end,
 And I lie in a critical state,
 It's no matter what physician my doctor may send,
 I shall take them *ten minutes too late*.

Punctuality's all very proper, &c.

Kiss Me and Call Me Your Own.

WORDS BY J. S. ADAMS.

I have garnish'd my spirit with jewels,
 Far brighter than gems of the mine,
 I have woven a garland of beardsies,
 Around thy dear soul to entwine.
 I am waiting as one who expecteth
 Bliss greater than mortal hath known,
 So, come to me, dearest, come quickly,
 Come, kiss me and call me your own;
 So, come to me, dearest, come quickly,
 Come, kiss me and call me your own.

So, come to me, dearest, &c.

69
Come breathe on my spirit thy blessing,
Let love overwhelm me with joy,
For such bliss shall be pure as the angel's,
And as true as every alloy.
I am waiting for thee in the garden,
Am waiting for thee all alone.

So, come to me, dearest, &c.

There's a rustle of leaves at the entrance,
There's the sound of a footstep near,
Oh! I know it is you that is coming,
And soon you will be with me here.
Since we met yester-eve in the woodland,
How slowly each moment has flown,
But now you'll be with me to love me,
To kiss me and call me your own.

But now you'll be with me, &c.

Good Evening.

I HAD been dining rather late,
The fact I think it best to state,
When I rolled out without a mate
On a very pleasant evening.
Curiosity bent my steps were led,
Westward through the streets I sped,
A lone figure saw ahead,
Who, I fast and said, "Good Evening."

I felt a disappointed dunce,
 No word she answered in response,
 So I repeated more than once,
 "Good Evening Miss, Good Evening."
 At length she turned her head this way,
 Judge if you can of my dismay,
 She's fifty-five if she's a day!
 I blurted out, "Good Evening."

The disappointment made me queer,
 I turn'd into a Public near,
 Address'd the bar-maid thus, "My dear,
 A bitter beer, Good Evening!"
 With sparkling eyes and ale soon served,
 What is it makes me so unnerved?
 Close standing by me I observed,
 My tailor, who said, "Good Evening."

His presence spoilt my wish to stay,
 I reach'd the door, then heard her say,
 "Please pay before you go away,
 Good Evening Sir, Good Evening."
 Pray pardon me I beg of you,
 I quite forgot," and that was true;
 The tailor said, "You often do."
 "Good evening Sir, Good Evening."

I felt a blush suffuse my face,
 In such a crowd at such disgrace,
 They shouted as I left the place,
 "Good Evening Sir, Good Evening."

Policemen 10, outside the door,
 Increased my misery more and more.
 He said, "I've seen your game before ;
 Get off my beat! Good Evening Sir, Good
 Evening."

I left his beat, it didn't suit
 To argue with that stupid brute,
 Or hear him echo the salute,
 "Good Evening Sir, Good Evening."
 Into a court I made a dive,
 A fresh street reach'd, more dead than 'live,
 Again I met Miss 55, who simper'd out,
 "Good Evening, Sir, Good Evening."

Things mostly happen for the best,
 If you're amused I'll waive the rest,
 And with me enjoy the jest,
 At my expense this evening.
 But luckily I'm here—
 Where I have naught to fear,
 And so with kind regards to all friends,
 I beg to say, "Good Evening."

Kissing on the Sly.

WORDS BY H. WATKINS.

HIS manly whiskers swept her cheek,
 She uttered no reply,
 How could she part her lips to speak,
 While kissing on the sly?

There's such a sum of smacking bliss,
That Croesus could not buy,
The honeyed worth of one sweet kiss,
That's taken on the sly.

CHORUS.

Oh, this kissing on the sly !
This kissing on the sly !
This wooing, winning, style of sinning,
Kissing on the sly.

The maiden meek one kiss receiv'd,
Demurely wink'd her eye,
And with the air of one bereav'd,
She heav'd a heavy sigh !
Again that wayward whisper press'd
Her cheek, she breath'd Oh, my !
How grateful to the burthen'd breast,
This kissing on the sly.

Oh, this kissing on the sly !
This kissing on the sly !
Downright delicious, e'en malicious,
Kissing on the sly.

Though rigid rule declare the dead,
To be a crime so high,
No lover dare deny the dead
Of kissing on the sly !
Tho' Pa's and Ma's berate and prate,
And 'gainst the practice cry,
The custom don't a bit abate,
Of kissing on the sly.

Oh, this kissing on the sly !
This kissing on the sly !
This whole soul thrilling, trouble killing,
Kissing on the sly.

Some Lady's Dropped her Chignon.

A I was walking out one day,
Up and down the street.
Some dear, bewitching beauties
It was my luck to meet.
Then down upon the sidewalk
A chignon caught my eye,
I stuck it on my cane, and thus
Addressed the passers by—

CHORUS.

Some lady's dropped her chignon,
A lovely head it's been;
A charming fair has lost her hair,
Some lady's dropped her chignon.

I assure you 'tis the truth,
As these simple words I said,
The hand of every lady
Was popped up to her head.
The swells all laughed, and seemed to think
It was a jolly game,
As I held up the chignon,
And continued to exclaim—
Some lady's dropped, &c.

I noticed that a damsel,
Who seemed a little dazed,
Rushed forward, hesitated,
And on the chignon gazed.
I'd have sworn she was the owner,
By the flatness of her head;
But still held up the chignon,
And still these words I said—
Some lady's dropped, &c.

We little know what swindles
 Go on behind the scenes ;
 I'll keep the chignon for her sake,
 If free from gregalines.
 And those who will wear chignons,
 I'd caution every dear,
 To see they're fixed on tightly,
 Or else perhaps they'll hear—
 Some lady's dropped, &c.

Give a Man a Chance.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. BATCHELDER.

I'm tir'd of offering advice,
 So will the subject change,
 And try a song of different stamp,
 A title far from strange ;
 So, while I strive to do my best,
 At me pray take a glance,
 Just lend your sympathising ears,
 And give a man a chance.

CHORUS.

So always, boys, act fair and square,
 Accept what fortune grants ;
 And don't be over critical,
 But give a man a chance.

It's anything but proper,
 On a couple to intrude,
 To spoil a fellow making love,
 Is very, very rude ;

Don't interrupt their tete-a-tete,
By making an advance,
But walk a mile another way,
And give a man a chance.

So always, boys, &c.

Suppose a fellow can't stump up
Twenty shillings in the pound,
Perhaps if breathing time be given,
The needful will be found;
Say to him, "Well, I'll wait a bit,"
Think of this circumstance;
And if you don't press over hard,
You give a man a chance.

So always, boys, &c.

My song, perhaps, may not please you,
But to do so is my aim;
To meet your kind approval is
The summit of my fame;
But if you do not quite agree
With what I now advance,
Just be as lenient as you can,
And give a man a chance.

So always, boys, &c.

When the Band Begins to Play.

I'm very fond of music,
To me it's quite a treat,
Unless it be from German hands
Or organs in the street.

Through listening to the band, one day,
 I nearly lost my heart ;
 The leader 'twas who found it,
 And he now with it won't part.

CHORUS.

Oh, I feel so awfully jolly,
 When the band begins to play ;
 I am very fond of music,
 I could listen all the day,
 Especially when my Charlie leads the band, *Pom. Pom.*

My Charlie is my darling,
 The beau ideal of love,
 With his hair so black and curly,
 And his whitest of white gloves.
 My love sits in the middle,
 With his baton in his hand,
 And leads the instrumentalists
 In a style that I think grand.

Oh, I feel so awfully jolly, &c.

They play such jolly music,
 Waltz, polka and quadrille,
 And sometimes play so feelingly,
 It gives me quite a thrill.
 The leader sometimes gives a frown,
 And looks as though he's rash,
 And then they play so soft and sweet,
 And after comes a crash.

Oh, I feel so awfully jolly, &c.

Never go Back on your Friend.

WORDS BY WILL S. HAYS.

As you journey along through the valley of life,
 A happy and fortunate man,
 If you see a poor mortal who's weary and sick,
 Why help him along if you can;
 I have found it is better to whistle than cry,
 Make happy the days that you spend,
 And always remember, whatever you do,
 Don't you ever go back on your friend.

CHORUS.

Though fortune smile on you forever in life,
 There cometh a time it will end;
 It will be a great comfort and pleasure to know,
 That you never went back on your friend.

The journey of life is a beautiful walk,
 Which many a mortal has tried;
 And many have gone to the end of the road,
 Some fell by the wayside and died.
 When you see a poor man that befriended you once,
 On whom you could always depend—
 Ask a favor of you—don't you turn him away,
 Oh, don't you go back on your friend.

Though fortune smile on you, &c.

The Letter from Over the Sea.

As Nelly one morning was thinking of days gone away,
 To the beat of her heart and her spinning,
 She warbled this sweet little, bright little lay,
 The notes to her lips sweetly springing :
 "He told me he ne'er loved another,
 He called me Mavourneen Machree ;
 But ah! sure he's with me no longer,
 For he is gone over the sea.

But ah! sure he is with, &c.

"Tis long, very long since he left me,
 And ah! they would make my heart sore ;
 They said that—his Ooleen forgetting—
 He'd wed, and I'd see him no more.
 But still in my bosom a whisper,
 Though they chatted on very free,
 Told honor and love would be sending
 A letter from over the sea.

Told honor and love, &c.

"Last night, in a beautiful vision,
 A robin flew round where I lay,
 And a voice chirruped over my pillow :
 'O come to your Willie away.
 I awoke, and beheld it was morning,
 The sun shone on fallow and lea ;
 And I got—oh—how my heart fluttered !—
 A letter from over the sea.

And I got—oh—how, &c.

"Impressed on the seal ere I broke it,
 Two hearts in a ribbon were bound ;
 When I kissed it and opened it swiftly,
 There a bonnie bright charm I found.
 Its name I'll not mention to any,
 But some one is watching for me ;
 Oh, waft ye winds till I answer
 The letter from over the sea."

"Oh, waft ye winds," &c.

His Heart was True to Poll.

AIR—"In 1869."

I HEARD my aunt once sing a chant,
Which now p'raps isn't new,
Of Billy Kidd, who, whatever he did;
To his Poll was always true.
He sailed away in a gallant ship,
From the pretty port of jovial Bristol,
And the last words as he uttered,
While his handkerchief he fluttered,
Were "My heart is true to Poll."

CHORUS.

My heart is true to Poll, (*business*)
No matter what you do,
If your heart is ever true,
And his heart was true to Poll.

They were wrecked. William, to shore he swam,
And he looked about for an inn,
When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,
Came up, with a cheerful grin;
Says she, "Marry me, and a king you'll be,
And in a palace loll;
Or they'll eat you like a *filet*;"
So he gave his hand, did Billy,
But his heart was true to Poll.

My heart is true to Poll, &c.

So William Kidd a happy life led,
As the king of Kikaroos;
He had nothing but a hat upon his head,
And a pair of overshoes.
They made him a present of twenty wives,
Which their beauties I cannot now extol;
But one day they all revolted,
So he back to Bristol bolted,
For his heart was true to Poll.

My heart is true to Poll, &c. (*Dance*).

Little Fraud.

WORDS BY GEO. COOPER.

Her eyes were so bright and bewitching,
 They pierced my fond heart thro' and thro',
 Her style was so gay and coquettish,
 Her step was as soft as the dew ;
 We met—'twas one night at a party—
 She smiled in the nicest of ways ;
 And while I was taking her homeward,
 We talked 'neath the moon's silver rays.

CHORUS.

Little Fraud! Little Fraud!
 I remember the time when we met,
 Little Fraud! Little Fraud!
 You're an artful deceiving coquette.

I whispered how fondly I loved her,
 She seemed to love me in return ;
 And when I proposed matrimony,
 Her cheeks with deep blushes did burn.
 I lived in a dream so ecstatic,
 And life was all roses and pearls ;
 I called her my darling, my angel,
 My sweetest of sweet little girls.

Little Fraud! Little Fraud! &c.

But all is not gold, though it glitters!
 I called on my charmer, one day,
 But found out that some other fellow
 Had married and borne her away!
 Oh! where are the presents I gave her?
 Oh! where are her smiles bright as gold?
 It's no use in asking conundrums,
 For I have been splendidly "sold!"

Little Fraud! Little Fraud! &c.

Dressed in a Dolly Varden.

BY G. W. MORRIS.

WHILE promenading the other day,
I chanced to stray, in a careless way,
I met a pretty girl, she looked so gay,
Dressed in a Dolly Varden.
I said, "My dear, don't think I'm wild,
I like your style;" she gave a smile,
I followed her for fully a mile,
Eyeing her Dolly Varden.

CHORUS.

Dressed in her Dolly Varden,
Dressed in her Dolly Varden;
It was strolling through the park,
That I felt love's subtle dart,
And met my fate in a Dolly Varden.

The band was in the park quite near,
It enchanted the ear of my little dear;
I thought the music I'd like to hear,
So I followed the Dolly Varden.
I said, "My dear, can I walk with you?"
"That will never do, with a stranger too,
What would ma say if she knew,
I had on my Dolly Varden?"

Dressed in her Dolly Varden, &c.

Her Dolly Varden looked like silk,
Or New York milk, which is finer than silk;
She said, "Sir, 'tis out of ma's bed-quilt
I've made a Dolly Varden!"
I saw her home that very night,
The moon shone bright, my heart was light;
I popped the question, and now it's all right,
I'm to marry the Dolly Varden.

Dressed in her Dolly Varden, &c.

After the Opera's Over.

A POPULAR SONG BY GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

AFTER the opera's over,
 Gas tries to outshine the stars,
 When half the world sleeps contented,
 We'll champagne and smoke fine cigars;
 For life without pleasure is cold,
 And I should not live very long,
 But how we survive at the West End,
 I'm delighted to tell in my song.

CHORUS.

After the opera's over,
 Attending the ladies is done,
 We gems of the very first water,
 Commence then our frolic and fun.

I keep my own box at the opera,
 I've racers and hunters as well,
 Estates and lands in the country,
 So much money I can not tell.
 Then why should I let myself down,
 And neither spend money or lend;
 For money well spent brings joys,
 Yes, money was made to spend.

After the opera's over, &c.

After the opera's over,
 Belgravia could tell many tales,
 But as I am one of its people,
 It would not be fair to drive nails;
 Suffice me to say that at night,
 We dance, we sing, and we play,
 We "upper ten" with hearts so light,
 Thus merrily while time away.

After the opera's over, &c.

Lillie's Good-night.

SUNG BY MADAME PATEY.

DEAR mother, when my prayer is said,
 Before you take the light,
 Lean your head so closely down,
 And bid me soft "Good-night ;"
 For I am happier in my dreams,
 And sleep in sweeter rest,
 If I have laid my lips to thine,
 And thine to mine are pressed.

One kiss, dear mother, for the love
 My heart keeps warm for thee,
 And one for all the tenderness
 Thy sweet eyes look to me ;
 Kiss me forgiveness of my wrongs,
 Kiss me with hope and prayer,
 That I shall be a better child,
 And more reward thy care.

Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
 To whom no kiss is given,
 And next, for all the happy ones,
 And then for one in heaven ;
 Kiss me for every thing I love,
 The beautiful and bright ;
 Sweet mother, kiss me for thyself,
 And now, once more, "Good-night."

The Buck-skin Bag of Gold.

A POPULAR SONG, BY HENRY C. WORK.

LAST night I met him on the train,
 A man with lovely eyes ;
 And he gave me such a searching glance
 Of sweetly charmed surprise !
 I knew 'twas he the lady meant,
 Who once my fortune told,
 By his jet-black eyes, his grand mustache,
 And buck-skin bag of gold.

CHORUS.

Yes ! yes ! he is the man
 Who does your fortune hold !
 He has jet-black eyes, a grand mustache,
 And a buck-skin bag of gold.

The dearest man you ever saw—
 How much I love him now !
 And if I should live a thousand years,
 No other hears my vow.
 Like Judas—no, like Jupiter—
 He looked so brave and bold,
 With his jet-black eyes, his grand mustache,
 And his buck-skin bag of gold.

Yes ! yes ! he is the man, &c.

Sweet boy ! bring me the " Morning Call,"
 Perchance I'll find his name ;
 At the " Grand Hotel " he must have stopped,
 I wonder when he came ?
 He must have charmed those Lumpkin girls,
 So haughty, proud and cold,
 By his jet-black eyes, his grand mustache,
 And his buck-skin bag of gold.

Yes ! yes ! he is the man, &c

She's so Fair.

SUNG BY WELCH AND RICE.

You've heard so much about the girls,
Which other darkies love,
With step so light and teeth so white,
And eyes like stars above;
But there's a girl in this town,
That's burst my heart in two,
She's handsome as a picture,
That's my charming little Sue.

CHORUS.

She loves me and I love her,
We're both sincere and true;
And I feel as happy as can be,
With charming Little Sue.

I took her to a private hop,
On her I did attend,
She wore the latest style of dress,
And of course a Grecian bend;
A waterfall upon her head,
'Twas big enough for two,
She captivated all the nigs,
My charming little Sue.

She loves me and I love her, &c.

I'm going to marry Susie dear,
I love her as my life;
I think I'll be contented
With this charmer for a wife;
I believe I've lingered long enough,
I have to say adieu,
Some other time I'll introduce
My charming little Sue.

She loves me and I love her, &c.

Sally in our Alley.

A POPULAR COMIC BALLAD.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There's ne'er a lady in the land
 That's half so sweet as Sally:
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry them;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To all who need to buy them.
 But can such folks the parents be
 Of such a girl as Sally?
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday:
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally:
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money,
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
 I'll give it to my honey.

And would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley,
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally ;
 And when we're wed we'll blithesome be,
 But not in our alley.

As I'd Nothing Else to Do.

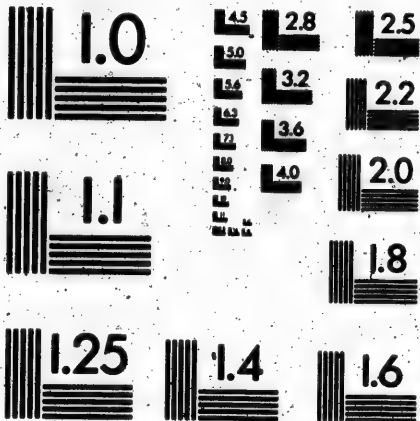
IT WAS a pleasant summer morning,
 Just the morn that I enjoy ;
 Walking early, I was puzzled
 How I should my time employ :
 In such fine and splendid weather
 I don't care for work—do you ?
 So I went to see my sweetheart,
 As I'd nothing else to do !

But before the day was over,
 I'd, somehow, made up my mind,
 That I'd "pop the question" to her,
 If to me her heart inclined ;
 So I whispered, "Sweet, my darling,
 For my bride may I have you ?
 "Well," said she, "perhaps you may, dear,
 When I've nothing else to do."



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The Lover's Pen.

WORDS BY MARIA X. HAYES.

O dove, thro' ether blue so lightly winging;
 O dove, whose nest hid 'mong rocks so lonely;
 From thy white wing one feather downward flinging,
 But give that I may write one letter only:
 I fain would send my love a missive tender,
 And when 'tis done thy pinion back I'll render.

CHORUS.

The message that I'll send so sweet shall be,
 So sweet shall be,
 So sweet shall be,
 The pen that writer shall with its task enamored be
 It shall enamored be,
 It shall enamored be.

O dove, that o'er the ocean vast art flying,
 But hear my pray'r and lend me one soft pinion,
 That swift as thou may bear to him my sighing,
 Who only o'er my heart holds sweet dominion;
 And when I've told him all my true devotion,
 The missive thou shalt bear across the ocean:
 The missive that I'll send, etc.

Why don't I Change my Name?

I've chances had to change my name,
 And so to do I mean;
 But oh! it seems I never shall,
 I've so unlucky been.

My name's a nice one—Fanny Good—

It looks well on a letter ;

Now who would change the name of Good

Unless 'twere for the better ?

A Rose by any other name

They say would be as sweet ;

Alas ! it never was my fate

A Mr. Rose to meet

A single maiden still I am

In spite of all my trouble ;

I would be White—or Black—or Dunn,

Or even Mrs. Double.

Susan, Susan, Pity My Confusion !

MISS ADA WRAY'S POPULAR SONG.

It's well to be in love with *one*,

But if there should be *two*,

Both begging for your heart and hand,

What can a poor girl do ?

I've one who always bothers so,

No matter where I be,

And whenever he sees a chance,

Why then he says to me,

CHORUS.

Susan, Susan, pity my confusion !

Won't you—won't you, won't you marry me ?

Susan,, Susan, if you still refuse on(e)

I shall—I shall, I shall DIE !

As soon as "Number Two" has gone,
 Then, in comes "Number One;"
 "My own dear girl," says he to me,
 "Oh, tell me what I've done,
 That to my suit you will say, 'No,'
 It's cruel, upon my word;
 Dear Sue, now do say you'll have me,
 And give up that man absurd." (CHO.)

Of course I can not wed them "both,"
 But, between you and Sue,
 I don't much care for either one,
 So I'll give up the two,
 And somewhere else I'll find a beau,
 Who'll have some other way
 Of winning little Susan's heart,
 Then saying all the day. (CHO.)

A Heart for Sale.

I'm young, as you see, my hand it is free,
 My face is my fortune, I'll own;
 I want some young man to have pity on me,
 I'm tired of this living alone.
 I'm sure I'd be kind to the man to my mind,
 For my temper's as meek as a dove:
 To his foibles and follies my eyes would be blind,
 For my bosom is brimful of love!
 To his foibles and follies my eyes would be blind,
 For my bosom is brimful of love.

I'm not given to flirt, my heart is unhurt,
 I was never brought out at the shore;
 I'm fond of my book and know how to cook.
 Now what could my darling wish more?
 Don't speak all at once, I'm not such a dunce
 To be caught like a fish, with a fly!
 The man of my choice must be honest and true,
 And him I will love till I die!
 The man of my choice must be honest and true,
 And him I will love till I die.

I suppose, like all others, I'm fond of a hat,
 A feather, or trifles like these;
 But the aim of my life will be higher, I hope,
 And I'll strive best my husband to please.
 I'm far from being perfect, forgive such a thought,
 Tho' the streets I'm not given to roam;
 I'd like to be thought a most excellent mate,
 The light and the joy of our home!
 I'd like to be thought a most excellent mate,
 The light and the joy of our home.

No One to Drink—No One to Smoke.

AIR:—DRIVEN FROM HOME.

No one to drink—no one to smoke,
 Except an old bummer, or else an old moke;
 And if you get drunk, you must do it alone:
 For, in your drowsiness you're as snug as a bone.

No watchman's voice (or cod-liver oil)
 Makes you rejoice, or your cares beguile.
 No one to drink—no one to smoke,
 Except an old bummer, or else an old moke.
 No one to drink, &c.

No one to dance with, or to theatre go,
 Except that old bum who sticks to you so ;
 And if you feel sick, and go there alone,
 You feel just as if you'd have sooner stayed at home.
 No gentle voice, no loving smile,
 Make you rejoice, except you have a "pile."
 No gentle voice, &c.

The Dear Little Shamrock.

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
 'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it,
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eyes oft did wet it.
 It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-
 land,
 And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland:

CHORUS.

The sweet little Shamrock, the dear little Shamrock,
 The sweet little green little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that each shall appear in :
 And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-
 land
 Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from our stalk we together shall toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;
 And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-
 land,
 From one root should branch like the Shamrock of
 Ireland.

Wait for the Turn of the Tide.

SUNG BY JOHNNY DOHERTY.

IN sailing along the river of life,
 Over its waters wide,
 We have all to battle with trouble and strife,
 And wait for the time and the tide.
 Men of each other are prone to be jealous ;
 Hopes are illusions—are not what they seem ;
 Life and its pleasures, philosophers tell us,
 Go floating away like a leaf on a stream.

CHORUS.

Then try to be happy and gay, my boys,
 Remember this world is wide ;
 And Rome wasn't built in a day, my boys,
 So wait for the turn of the tide.

Why people sit fretting their lives away,
 I can't for a moment surmise ;
 If " Life is a lottery," as they say,
 We cannot all turn up a prize.

A folly it is to be sad and dejected,
 If Fortune shows favors, she's fickle beside,
 And may knock at your door some day unexpected,
 If you patiently wait for the turn of the tide,
 Then try to be happy and gay, &c.

Man is sent into this world, we are told,
 To do all the good that he can ;
 Yet how many worship the clink of the gold,
 And never once think of the man.
 If you are poor from your friends keep a distance,
 Hold up your head tho' your funds are but small ;
 Once let the world know you need its assistance,
 Be sure, then, you never will get it at all.
 Then try to be happy and gay, &c.

Widows are Bewitching.

If ever I marry, pray mark me :
 Of which I am sadly afraid—
 I'll not wed a flaunting young woman,
 Nor a toothless old hag of a maid.
 I'm fearful of being a father,
 The reason I cannot tell why,
 To wed a dear widow I'd rather,
 For, widows are not over shy.

CHORUS.

Air—Let the merry glasses ring.
 May widows, wives, and maidens be
 Free from melancholy ;
 May they live in social glee,
 Happy, blythe and jolly !

When widows first marry, I'm thinking,
 It's like a new toy to a child ;
 Their eyes, they are opened like winking,
 To the change they are soon reconciled.
 They're just like a fish out of water,
 They walk in their weeds a jog-trot ;
 No matter whatever the quarter,
 The widows all know what is what.—(Ch.)

The weeds of a widow are winning,
 The smiles of a widow for me !
 There's none of your blushing and grinning,
 They're always both jolly and free.
 There's something about them that's pleasing
 They're sweetly unconscious, I guess :
 No blushing, tormenting nor teasing ;
 Pop question, their answer is :—yes. (Cho.)

There's none but a widow will suit me,
 I've one in my eye, there's no doubt ;
 There's none here I'm sure can confute me,
 They all know their way well about.
 Besides there's no time lost in teaching,
 Experience each widow has got ;
 No shilly, nor shally, beseeching ;
 For, widows all know what is what. (Cho.)

The Old Sailor's Dream.

NEATH the village oak, sat an man worn,
 Leaning his hand on his trusty staff ;
 He was silent and sad on that beauteous morn,
 Till roused by the sound of a childlike laugh

He raised his head and smiled, while a tear
 Coursed gently down o'er his furrowed cheek,
 And the wondering child sought his grief to cheer
 As he stroked the hand of that old man meek.

Sit down, my child, by thy grandsire's side,
 And he passed his hand through his golden hair;
 While he smiled in the nest of an old man's pride,
 O'er his childish form, so blithe and fair.
 It led him back to his boyhood's days
 When his arm was strong and his laugh was free,
 E'er the storm had sprinkled his locks with grey,
 Or he tempted the waves of the treacherous sea.

He dreamed of a maid, blue-eyed and mild,
 Who once plighted troth 'neath that village tree,
 How he loved her then, e'er she drove him wild,
 And he left her and home for the blue, blue sea;
 How he wandered afar, but found no balm,
 Through the weary course of many a year,
 Till years brought age, and age a calm,
 That memory moistened with a tear.

See, the old man's eyes are closed in sleep,
 And the visions change in his slumbers
 For gentle smiles o'er his features creep,
 Like the varied hues of the rains bright bow:
 But never more shall the old man dream
 By the village tree of the days of yore.
 For his soul went out with the sun's last beam,
 And his anchor is cast on the safe lee shore,

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